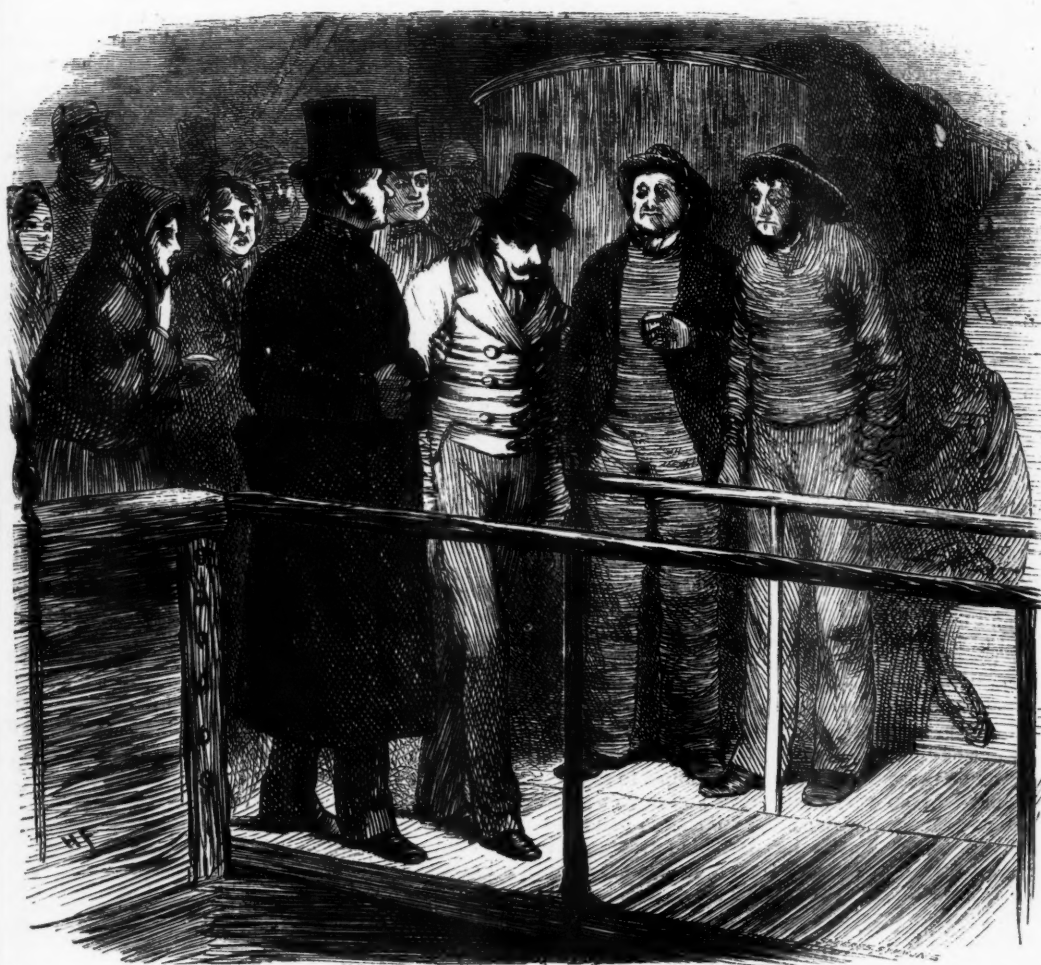


THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." *Courtesy.*



BOOTLE IDENTIFIED.

BOY AND MAN.

PART II.

CHAPTER XVII.—"LIBERTY AND THE GOOSE!"

"After long storms and tempests overblown,
The sun at length his joyous face doth clear;
So when as Fortune all her spite hath shewn,
Some blissful hours at last must needs appear,
Else should afflicted wights oft-times despair."

—Spenser.

THE next morning William Goodchild went to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and told Mr. Hawkes

No. 1288.—SEPTEMBER 2, 1876.

what he had done. He seemed very much annoyed. He supposed there was no help for it now; but it was a pity, he said, after waiting so long, to have made so poor an end of the business.

"My father thought there was no prospect of doing anything better," said Willy.

"Your father should have trusted me: I feel sure that I should have got him out of this scrape if he had had a little more patience. Slocum must have had some reason for being in such a hurry; he would

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

not have given this receipt in full if he had not been anxious to complete the contract. I could have made better terms with him; I could have frightened him: I only waited for a little more information, which would have come in before many days; but it's too late now. If your father has signed the contract, the rascal will have it all his own way. I'll see about the discharge, and bring it over to the Bench in the course of the morning."

So Willy returned and helped his father to pack up.

"Did Mr. Hawkes seem vexed?" Mr. Goodchild asked.

"He did seem rather put out; it was natural, you know, as we had acted without consulting him."

"We waited so long for him. You are satisfied, Willy, that we have done right, are you not?"

"Quite satisfied, dear father; I only wish we had done it a month ago."

They were quite ready to leave the prison when Mr. Hawkes arrived. Mr. Sparrow had come in a few minutes earlier, and had brought with him a letter from Wandsworth; it had arrived the day before, he said, but looked like a circular, and he did not suppose it was of much consequence. He professed himself delighted that his friend was to be set at liberty so soon, and wanted to send Nott away immediately to Wandsworth, to make preparations for his reception there.

"There is your discharge," said Mr. Hawkes; "and I suppose I must congratulate you. You have been rather precipitate at last. Not an hour ago I received a letter which might have led to some better terms; indeed I hope it may yet be of some use, otherwise I would not mention it. Mr. Bootle has written to say he can and will give important information. Slocum has deceived and cheated him, and he will no longer keep his secrets. If he can show that he persuaded you to sell your shares under false pretences, or that he has been guilty of a conspiracy to lower prices, which I have always suspected, we may be able to deal with him yet, and make him refund. Mr. Bootle is evidently afraid of him still, however, for he wants an appointment made late in the evening either at my own private house, or in some other place where he would be likely to escape observation."

"Let him come to my rooms," said Mr. Sparrow; "it's out of the way enough, I'm sure; and we can all of us be present and hear what he has to say."

"That will do very well; have you any one here whom you can send with a letter? it should be a trustworthy person. Bootle has left his fine rooms in Somerset Street, and writes from a little street out of the Edgware Road. I'll appoint ten o'clock to-night at Mr. Sparrow's rooms."

"Nott will take the letter: Nott is trustworthy; I can depend upon Nott."

"So you can, sir," said the boy, looking very much delighted; he had just arrived with some more "refreshment" in bottles, and had brought it in, instead of waiting till the company was gone, as a better-bred servant might have done. "You can depend upon me, Mr. Sparrow."

"Take this letter, then; it is very important. See Mr. Bootle himself if possible, and give it him privately, when no one else is by; and if he gives you a message or an answer, bring it back at once."

"All right, sir," said Nott, with a knowing gesture, not meant to be familiar, but expressive of caution

and determination. "You can depend upon Nott as you say."

"You understand," said his master, repeating his instructions; "the letter must be delivered to the right person, and to no other. You must find him out and give it him when he is alone. I know you will do it if you can."

"I won't come back at all till I have done it!" said the boy, and off he started. Little did his master think, little did any of them conceive in what sense those parting words of his would be fulfilled. "I won't come back at all till I have done it."

After he was gone, Mr. Goodchild opened the circular which had been brought from Wandsworth. It was a notice from the railway company that they would require possession of his house and land there on a certain day, and were prepared to pay for it the price already tendered, or such other sum as should be agreed upon by arbitration. The amount named was rather more than double that which Mr. Goodchild had agreed to take for it in the contract signed yesterday with Slocum.

"What's the matter now?" said Mr. Hawkes, observing that his client's countenance had fallen.

"I'm afraid I have been in a hurry," said that gentleman.

"I'm afraid so too; but may I look at your letter?"

"If I had waited," Mr. Goodchild continued, with a gasp, as if he were going to cry; "if I had only waited till to-day, I might have had twice the money for my house. I am the most unfortunate of living creatures, I believe!"

There was general consternation. Slocum again successful, and Mr. Goodchild again his victim! Mr. Hawkes dashed the letter down upon the floor, and said, "Such reptiles ought to be exterminated." He said something about "fools" also, but that was in a lower key.

"Well," said Mr. Sparrow, "I suppose it will all come right; it's no use grieving over spilt milk. We need not stay here at all events; let's get out of this place; it's the most horrid hole I ever was in! Hurrah! we are all free men now; what does it signify about the money! You're no poorer than you were, if you aren't any richer. Call a cab and come to my rooms, all of you, to dinner. I ordered a goose as soon as ever I heard that you were coming out. Come along!"

"Birds of a feather!" Mr. Hawkes muttered. "I'll join you about ten o'clock this evening. I see how it is; that villain knew that your house would be wanted by the company; he's hand in glove with all of them. That's why he was in such a hurry to arrest you, and to shut you up out of the way. Had you no previous notices of the intended purchase?"

"No!" said Mr. Goodchild, in a lamentable voice.

"None ever reached me."

"He has contrived to stop them, somehow or other: if we could only prove it—but that would be difficult, perhaps impossible. Well, you have lost your money, and your house, and I must say, I must say . . . " he was going to add that "it serves you right," but Mr. Goodchild looked so miserable that he restrained himself, and only said, "I am very sorry for it."

They all stood silent for some moments, looking very serious. "It's so mortifying, too," Mr. Hawkes began again, "that that villain should have it all his own way."

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"Don't begin again," Mr. Sparrow cried. "Never mind the villain; we may have a peek at him yet; keep up your spirits, Mr. Goodchild. He has got the contract, but he hasn't got possession. You're going home to-night, sir; going home to your own castle. I don't believe Slocum will ever dare to turn you out of it. We shall hear what Bootle has to say. We'll make terms yet, sir; Mr. Hawkes will manage it, though he looks so glum. Bootle and Hawkes will strike out something between them, and, in the meantime, there's liberty—liberty and the goose. What are we all waiting for? Are you ready?"

Yes, they were all ready. Fees were paid, and a donation made to the poor debtors' fund; and the whole party, revived in spirits by Mr. Sparrow's chirruping, passed out through the gloomy portals. Mr. Goodchild looked back upon them with a long comfortable sigh; the sound of the wheels upon the stones was music to his ears; the sight of men and women, bustling to and fro, instead of the perpetual lounge to which he had been accustomed, the sense of life and freedom which burst upon him, were almost overpowering. He shrunk back into the corner of the vehicle, and forgetting for a moment his troubles, tears of joy and thankfulness rolled down his cheeks.

It was quite true that Mr. Bootle, smarting under a sense of injury, had resolved to have nothing more to do with Slocum. That individual had treated him very badly: he had made use of him as a cat's-paw to snatch the burning chestnuts from the hearth, and had not even given him a moderate share of the spoil. Avarice is very apt to overreach itself, not like ambition vaulting o'er "its selle," but sprawling in the mire in the attempt to grasp too widely and too much. Mr. Slocum could not find in his heart to part with any portion of his ill-gotten gains; and Bootle, embarrassed and miserable, had now resolved to make a friend of Mr. Hawkes, as he had been invited to do more than once, believing that he would not take advantage of his confidence to do him injury, and might perhaps, in return for it, do him some good.

But on the very day that he had written and posted his letter to Mr. Hawkes, asking for an appointment, Slocum called on him. He entered the room with the usual grin upon his face, the nearest approach to a smile that he was ever guilty of, and offered Bootle his hand. "Why, what's up now?" he asked, when the friendly grip was refused.

"What's up! Ah, what is up?" said Bootle. "Something's up, I know. You would not come to me with that fox's grin upon your face if you did not want to get something out of me."

"I want anything from you? You're mistaken; you are not up to my business. I would have been a friend to you, but you are not clever enough. No, Mr. Bootle; I don't want you for a friend, and, mark my words, you don't want me for a foe."

Bootle said nothing, but he felt glad that he had sent his letter. He would have Mr. Hawkes to take his part now, he thought, and need not care for Slocum.

"Why, man!" cried Slocum with a snarl, "I could transport you for life! Don't you know that?"

"You'd have to go with me," Bootle answered. "That would be the worst part of it for me."

"You think so, do you? You are mistaken. I

know how to take care of myself; there's no evidence that can touch me. It's different with you; you're not up to things as I am. I'm all right, but I would not be in your shoes for something, not unless I wanted to go abroad at the government expense, and never come back again."

Mr. Bootle felt very uncomfortable; he was afraid of Slocum, and had a suspicion that he and his friends intended to make a scapegoat of him if necessary. Slocum observed his trepidation, and went on—

"But, come," he said, "I don't want to hurt you; it's your own fault if you make me talk like this. I don't deny that what you did was for my benefit as well as for your own, and I came here on purpose to help you out. Those lawyers are on the scent, they have got some information; you may expect a visit from the police at any time."

Bootle's knees shook under him. If the affair had got wind, he thought, neither Mr. Hawkes nor any one else would be able to help him; his letter would only help to cast suspicion on him and convict him.

"I'm very sorry for you," said Slocum.

"We are both in it," Bootle stammered. "I won't bear it all myself; you signed the circular as well as I."

"Yes," said Slocum, "I did, but with this difference: all that you signed you put into the post office: all that I signed I put into the fire. You don't suppose I should have come to you for help if I had meant to put my own foot in it! I only signed a few, and kept those back, I tell you; so I'm safe: you can't hurt me. At the same time, of course, I would rather not appear to be mixed up with it; and, for my own sake as well as yours, I should be glad to keep it all quiet. That's what I'm come for now. What I propose is, for you to clear off. Go over to the Continent for a little while; it will be a pleasant trip for you. Of course you can't go without money, but I'll pay expenses. You shall have anything you want while there, and can come back after a bit, when it has all blown over."

Bootle, who had been speechless with surprise and terror at the discovery of the trick that had been played him, breathed again.

"Will you go? There's no time to be lost."

"What will you give me?"

Slocum counted out ten sovereigns, pausing at the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth as if he were laying down drops of his life's blood.

"Go on," said Bootle.

"That's plenty; I can send you more if you want it."

There was a great deal of haggling, but Slocum at length counted down ten pounds more, and promised to send him two pounds weekly as long as he should remain abroad. He was to take another name—Bennett would do—that he might not be traced. As soon as this was settled Bootle began to pack up such movables as he possessed, and Mr. Slocum ordered dinner for two, being resolved to stay with him and see him fairly on his way to the steam-packet, which was to sail that evening for Boulogne from London Bridge.

They were not very sociable over their meal; neither of them perhaps would have been very sorry if the other had met with an accident in swallowing it; but all went smoothly; the downward path is generally smooth enough wherever it may lead. So Mr. Slocum drank to his companion's health, and

wished him "*bon voyage*," and Bootle returned the compliment with "*au revoir*," and the latter almost fancied himself arrived in France already.

CHAPTER XVIII.—FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

"Nothing is here for tears; nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us, in a death so noble." —Milton.

WHILE Mr. Slocum and Mr. Bootle were at dinner, the boy Nott arrived at the door and inquired for the latter. He was at dinner the landlady told him, and had a gentleman with him. Nott said he would call again, and took a stroll down the street, keeping the door of the house in view. As soon as it grew dark, he took up his station in an archway on the opposite side of the road where he could watch, unseen, for the departure of the "gentleman." It was cold and tedious waiting there so long; but he had been used to loitering in dark archways: at all events he did not mind it now, having an object in view. About seven o'clock he ventured to approach and ring the bell again. Mr. Bootle was still engaged, so he returned to his doorstep under the arch, and continued to maintain a good look-out. Soon after that he saw the landlady or servant, whichever it might be, go out without shawl or bonnet, and return with a cab; he then approached the door, and saw a portmanteau and other luggage brought downstairs, and could read the first letter of the name on the direction, "Mr. B—."

"Mr. Bootle is going away, then," he thought; "I must catch him somehow before he starts, and find out where he is going."

But when Bootle appeared, Slocum was with him, and both got into the cab together. Nott remembered that his instructions were to give the letter to Mr. Bootle while he was alone. He knew Slocum by sight, having been sent on an errand to him some time before, and had an instinctive fear and suspicion of him as being connected in some way with Mr. Goodchild's imprisonment. While he was hesitating what to do, he heard the direction given to the driver, "London Bridge Wharf, Boulogne boat," and the cab drove off. Nott drew up his breath, took out his handkerchief and tied it round his waist, and made up his mind for a long run.

The cab containing Mr. Slocum and his friend drove at first slowly through some by-streets, and Nott climbed up behind and travelled with it; but other boys seeing him comfortably seated there, tried to get up by his side, and being defeated, raised the cry of "whip behind." Nott, therefore, took to the pavement, keeping at some distance from the vehicle in order to escape observation, but recovering his ground with a spurt whenever it turned a corner. The cab soon passed into the Edgware Road, and proceeded along Oxford Street, and Nott presently began to find himself out of breath, and very much distressed. It was a long and trying distance to the Tottenham Court Road. There, fortunately, the way was thronged with omnibuses, carts, and wagons, and between this point and Holborn there was considerable delay, for there was no straight and open thoroughfare then connecting Oxford Street with Holborn, as there is now. Nott had time, therefore, to recover himself, and to get his second wind, and went on afterwards more comfortably for a time. At Holborn Bars there was another check, Middle Row standing out boldly in the street, to the annoy-

ance of those who were in haste, but to the great relief of poor Nott, who again began to feel done up.

Approaching the descent towards Farringdon Street, there were so many vehicles in the way that he was obliged to dodge in and out among them in order to keep his own particular cab in view, and in doing so his foot slipped, and he fell at full length upon the road. An omnibus was approaching; he saw the horses' heads and their broad chests coming towards him, and heard the shouts and cries of those who observed his danger. The driver of the omnibus pulled up sharply, throwing the horses nearly on to their haunches; but their iron feet came sliding towards him, nearer and nearer to his face, and did not stop. There was no time for him to scramble up; he saw that in a moment, and did not attempt it, but rolled over and over in the mud. The horses almost fell upon him as their heads were turned aside by the driver, and he looked up at them as they slid past him, missing him with their feet, but by a hair's-breadth. Then the heavy vehicle came on, the front wheel passing over his clothes, and grinding his very coat-sleeve between its iron rim and the stone pavement, pinning him to the ground while the large hind-wheel approached inexorably to crush him. Poor Nott lay still, with his eyes fixed upon the coming doom, and saw the solid tire moving down towards his face, and could not stir, or even make an effort to escape it. He felt that he had not a moment to live . . . and then, in a moment, the bitterness of death was past; the wheel seemed to move away sideways, and as if by a miracle, he was safe! A group of men and boys who had seen his danger, gathered round him, and could scarcely believe their eyes when they found that he was quite unhurt. For a few moments Nott could not realise anything but the shock of his great peril and the suddenness of his delivery.

"Lucky for you as I was nigh at hand," said a wagoner; "if I had not ha' caught you by the feet and dragged you off pretty snatch, where would you have been by this time?"

Where, indeed! No doubt the thought occurred to Nott in all its serious importance; but "luck" had no place in his speculations. "Thank you," he said; "thank God! He did it." He seemed to think that a miracle had been wrought in his behalf; thankful for the mercy which had spared his life, he was no less thoroughly impressed with the belief that if he had been killed upon the spot, Mercy would have followed him still and saved him even in death. Such thoughts as these overwhelmed him for the moment, and he put up his hand to his head as if instinctively and reverently to take off his hat, but it was gone: a bystander, who had picked it up, gave it to him crushed and shapeless. It recalled him to himself, or rather to the world, in which he had yet some work to do; a humble task indeed, but not less faithfully to be remembered and fulfilled on that account. He looked eagerly around him; the cab! where was it? Out of sight! he must overtake it! and seizing the battered hat in his hand, with broken words of thanks to those who had assisted him, he burst from the group of wondering spectators and ran on again at his utmost speed.

At the foot of Snow Hill he saw the cab drawn up. He recognised it from a distance by the portmanteau on the roof; he saw the door opened and Mr. Slocum descend and turn away down Farringdon Street after he had spoken to the driver.

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"Now is my time," he thought. "Mr. Bootle is alone in the cab." But before he could arrive within several yards of it, it again started on. The driver looked round once, and Nott thought he saw him: he held up his hand and tried to call to him, but the gesture was apparently unnoticed, and his voice failed him: it was like the effort of one in a nightmare who pants and gasps and can frame words with the lips, but cannot utter a sound. So he toiled on up the opposite hill, white in the face, though the perspiration was streaming down his cheeks, covered from head to foot with mud, holding the shapeless hat tight in his hand, limping with the pain of his old wound, yet with all his thoughts centred upon this one object, to do his master's errand faithfully and well.

London Bridge was not far distant now; his journey must end there at all events. In Cheapside he jostled against some passengers who called after him and would have stopped him. A policeman stood in the way, judging by his disreputable appearance and by his evident distress and haste that he had been picking pockets and was making his escape; but Nott had dodged a policeman before this; and by a desperate plunge into the middle of the road, almost under the wheels of another omnibus, he dodged him now. Past Bow Church, down Bucklersbury, into Cannon Street, Thames Street, the cab still in view but a long way off, and the distance still increasing spite of all his efforts. No matter, it would soon stop now! Under the dry arch of London Bridge—arrived at last!

The cab was empty when Nott reached it; and the driver, who was looking into it for anything that might have been left behind, observed him with surprise, as he peeped in at the opposite window, and wondered what the dirty, ragged boy was up to, remarking to a waterman that "he seed that muddy chap on Holborn Hill, and there he was again." Turning away in haste, Nott saw the well-observed portmanteau on the shoulders of a porter a little way off the crowd, and Mr. Bootle following it. He soon overtook him, but, breathless and speechless, could only pluck him by the coat, and Mr. Bootle, being in a very nervous state, and anxious to get out of sight as soon as possible, did not or would not understand.

"Mr. Bootle, sir," Nott cried, holding up the letter.

"Not me," Mr. Bootle answered, quickening his pace, "Bennett my name is." But Nott felt sure that this was the man he wanted, and would not be repulsed. Nott had known the use of an alias himself in his younger days; he was only fourteen now, but youth and age are relative terms, and Nott was very old already. Would he have stopped there on the wharf if he had known how old he really was? Perhaps not.

He followed Mr. Bootle still; there were two steam-vessels side by side, the farther of the two letting off steam with a great roar. "This way for the Boulogne boat," men were calling. There was a quarter of an hour yet to spare; but everybody seemed to be in a hurry, and Mr. Bootle more in haste than all the rest. The gangway, a broad plank protected on each side by a handrail, was thronged by an eager crowd of passengers with their friends, who had come to see them off, and only one person could pass along it at a time. Mr. Bootle turned aside, and stepping upon the bulwarks farther aft, leapt

thence on board the Boulogne steamer and immediately disappeared. Nott followed closely on his heels; but his knees trembled; his injured leg was numbed and almost powerless, as might be seen by the way he seemed to drag it after him. He climbed up with difficulty on to the bulwarks, and prepared to spring across the narrow space where the river, dark, and flashing only now and then in the light of a passing lantern, flowed beneath; it was but a foot or two, and some of the porters had crossed it, carrying their burdens, without difficulty. But Nott hesitated, and before he could gather himself together for the effort, was seen to fall.

"What's that?" was the cry, as a loud splash was heard in the darkness below.

"Man overboard! Hallo there! Boat! boat!"

"A man overboard!" The cry was taken up on all sides. Boatmen sprang to their oars; porters and seamen rushed to the sides and swung their lanterns over the heedless waters; women, shocked and terrified, huddled together in the cabins.

"A light here, Jack! a light there, Bill! A rope! quick! What's that?"

Two bright eyes, wide open, glittering in the streak of light that fell across the water from the great ship's lantern; glittering, staring for an instant only, and then gone. A hat, an old, battered, shapeless hat floating upon the surface near where the eyes had been; and under the water a lifeless body, an empty husk, sucked down by the tide under a ship's bottom, rolled over and over in the river mud—no matter how or where.

Alas! alas! was it for this, poor boy, that your good friend the curate snatched you out of the streets and gutters to be taught and cared for in his ragged-school? Was it for this that your kind-hearted master took you into his own house, nursed you when you were sick, fed you when hungry, and clothed you when naked? Are the warm affections of that young heart which had learnt, in so short time, to yield such excellent fruits of gratitude and faithfulness and love to be thus quenched for ever? Is this the melancholy end of a life which, after years of misery and degradation, had just begun to know what life is meant for, and how it is to be enjoyed?

The end? No! Who can tell what end shall be to any work that is begun on earth, or where the streams that issue forth, only in drops perhaps at first, from the fountain of a heart full of Christian love shall cease to flow? There are powers and influences and feelings that survive the grave, for evil, alas! too often; for good, thank God for it, not seldom. "The memory of the just is blessed." The memory of a poor ragged orphan child, who has done his humble duty faithfully and well, may be the means of instigating others also to do what they can. The conviction that one soul which might have been lost for ever has been rescued from the miseries of sin and vice, and brought to happiness and safety, may encourage those who have been the instruments of such deliverance to persevere in this good, Christian work, and to devote themselves to it yet more earnestly and freely.

Are there any of our readers who would have preferred that this poor boy should have escaped an early death, and have grown up to man's estate, to become in his turn a teacher of the ignorant, and to give proof of his own gratitude by the efforts and sacrifices he should make for others? Let them consider, on the

other hand, whether they cannot make practical improvement of this history by doing something of the kind themselves. This is not all fiction: there are thousands, aye, tens of thousands of little ones in our streets, helpless, lost, uncared for, whose hearts are doubtless as susceptible of good impressions, as capable of warm and generous affections, as those of our lost Nott. No word of human sympathy has ever reached them; no example of Christian love and duty has ever been displayed before them; they grow up, as it were, under a hemlock forest, and have never known what it is to breathe a healthy atmosphere. The boy is father of the man. What sort of men will these become if they are left alone in their unhappy state, uncared for and unpitied? Cannot you, reader, do something yourself to help them? Think of it. Can you not devote an hour or two of your spare time every week to go among them and talk to them and teach them? Or, if that be impossible, can you not spare a guinea, or a shilling, now and then, to strengthen the hands of those who do so? Where there's a will there's a way. There are poor little Notts in every large town of this country, and there are many ways in which the kindness and pity of the more favoured could help them. Who would not wish to have some part in such good work!

The crowd upon the landing-stage and steamboats stood for a long time peering into the darkness where the poor boy had been seen to go down, and the boatmen lingered about the spot, and swept the water with their lanterns; but it was with a sad feeling of helplessness that they did so, for they knew that it was all in vain. "There was no hope from the first," they said: "they had seen the boy panting and exhausted as he followed the gentleman; he couldn't float, it was impossible; he had no wind in him. Did anybody know who the poor lad was, or what he was after?"

The cabman, who had been in a public-house, came running up to see what the crowd was about.

"A boy drowned!" he cried. "What sort of a boy?"

"All over dirt, without a hat; running after a gent, to beg, or something."

"Without a hat?" cried the cabman; "it must be the same that followed me in Holborn; he must have been after my 'fare'!"

"Where is your 'fare'?" a policeman asked—there were three or four on the spot by this time.

"Gone on board for Boulogne."

"Come and identify him."

The cabman went with the inspector and one of the officers. They searched the deck first. "There's his luggage," said the cabman. Stooping down, with the bull's-eye directed full upon it, they read the name "Bennett." "Take charge of it," said the inspector to one of his men.

They then descended to the cabin. Mr. Bootle was in one of the berths, apparently fast asleep. They roused him, and told him he must go with them; "he had better not say anything unless he wished it; it might be used against him."

He was shivering very much, and seemed to be in great anxiety and distress. "He did not know who the boy was," he said, "or why he had been following him: he had not seen him fall, and did not know until he heard the cry, 'A man overboard,' that any accident had happened. He never thought even then that it was the boy who had been following him that was drowned."

"What's your name?" the inspector asked.

"Bootle; at least Bennett; that is——"

The inspector, whose suspicions were excited by the alias, observing his terror and dismay, thought there might have been foul play, and told him he must remain in custody at all events till proper inquiries had been made. "There would be an inquest, of course, and he would be wanted as a witness, anyhow." And they took him with them to the police-station.

WEATHER PROVERBS.

September.

AUTUMN is now coming on, and chilly nights remind us of its near approach. It is, however, by no means unpleasant to exchange the heat of summer for the mild, bracing air of September. The harvest has been mostly gathered in except in the northern part of our island, where it is beginning, or at best progressing. But in the south large quantities of apples are ripening fast, so that the grower is not quite free from anxiety, as a succession of gales would blow down his fruit and seriously damage it.

"September, blow soft
Till the fruit's in the loft."

When September has gathered in what August has ripened, the same cause for anxiety does not exist, and both farmer and apple-grower will know the best or the worst, as the case may be.

The 5th of September, which is "old" St. Bartholomew's Day, enjoys a certain reputation among weather prophets, as is evidenced by the following sayings:—

"All the tears that St. Swithin can cry,
St. Bartlemy's mantle wipes them dry."

"At Saint Bartholomew
There comes cold dew."

"If the twenty-fourth of August [Sept. 5, n.s.] be fair and clear,

Then hope for a prosperous autumn that year."

"If it rains on St. Bartholomew's Day it will rain forty days after."

With regard to the autumnal equinox, Sept. 21, it is asserted that, if the week before and the one after it be free from storms, the temperature will continue higher than usual into the winter months.

The Scotch consider the weather on Holyrood Day, which is on September 26, worthy of attention as influencing harvest to a great extent. They attribute to this day almost the same effect on succeeding weather as we do to the day of St. Swithin.

"If the hart and the hind meet dry and part dry on Rood Day fair,

For sax weeks there'll be nae mair."

"If dry be the buck's horn
On Holyrood morn,
'Tis worth a kist of gold,
But if wet it be seen,
Ere Holyrood e'en,
Bad harvest is foretold."

Throughout September we rather look for settled weather, either wet or fine, for, as a Portuguese proverb has it, "September dries up wells or breaks down bridges."

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THE BORDER LANDS OF ISLAM.

VI.—BULGARIA.

REGARDING the Roumanian principality as all but nominally independent, we may rank Bulgaria as one of the border lands of European Turkey. The province, as shown on the map, extends from the southern mouth of the Danube along that river till it meets the impetuous Timok, above Widdin, on the borders of Servia. The Danube, which divides it from Wallachia, thus forms its entire northern boundary, and the all but parallel chain of the Balkan mountains its frontier to the south. On the west it is severed from Servia by the Timok, and on its east is the Black Sea. Bulgaria is 300 miles long by from 60 to 100 miles broad, and its area is about 33,000 square miles. Until 1864 it was divided into the three *eyalets* or *pashalics* of Silistria, Widdin, and Nissa. It is now officially known as the *vilayet* of Tuna or principality of the Danube; and it is divided into seven *sandjaks* or administrative districts, under a governor-general whose residence is at Rustchuk.

Bulgaria presents the appearance of a plateau which gradually ascends from the steep banks of the Danube to the Balkans. This celebrated mountain chain—the ancient *Hæmus*—rises in several of its peaks to about 6,000 feet above the sea. On the west of the town of Sophia Mount Orbelus reaches the height of 9,000 feet. Forming a grand natural rampart or line of defence to Constantinople, the seat of the Turkish power, the Balkans, after running due east between Bulgaria and Roumelia, dip suddenly on the Black Sea. Westward, at the sources of the Jantra, the summits are clothed with snow in June. The descent on the southern or Roumelian side is rugged and precipitous, but northwards it is made gradual by numerous ramifications from the crest which run through Bulgaria. These offshoots form systems of low hills, generally wooded or covered with rich pasture, and separated by valleys or small plains drained by feeders of the Danube. But though well wooded the low hills do not possess the magnificent forest trees of the higher Balkan range. In some places they are covered with a thickly set jungle of dwarf oaks. The great mountain chain is penetrated by passes and defiles: two of the principal are Trajan's Gate and the Iron Gate, the one leading to Sophia and the Danubian valleys, the other to Varna and the Black Sea. No cross roads among the mountains connect these various passes. In 1829 General Diebitsch traversed the Balkan passes with an army of Russians, and in Adrianople dictated to the Porte a treaty of peace. The principal rivers which belong to the province of Bulgaria are the eastern branch of the Morava which enters Servia. Flowing through the valleys which lie eastwards, and seeking the waters of the Danube, are the Isker, Vid, Osma, Jantra, and Taban. The Kamtchik and Pravadi enter the Black Sea. Bulgaria is thus a region of mountains, and hills, and well-watered valleys; near the Danube, however, the land is level, and plains extend along the Black Sea coast.

While such are in general the physical features of the province, we may now enumerate its varied inhabitants. These consist of about one million and a half of Bulgarians and of half a million of Osmanli Turks, and of 80,000 to 100,000 Tartars. The Circassians are about 80,000, the Albanians

60,000, and the Roumanians 40,000; the Gipsies amount to 25,000, and the Jews to about 10,000. There are also 10,000 Armenians and an equal number of Russians. The Greeks are 8,000 and the Servians 5,000; besides a few Italians and Germans, not together more than a thousand.

The Bulgarians are, as we described in our introductory paper, of Slavic origin. The country now known as Bulgaria was before the year 679 occupied by Slavs, who had driven southwards or exterminated the old Thracian race. These settlers, known by the name of the seven tribes, were in their turn subdued by the more warlike tribe of Bulgares, who descended from their resorts on the Volga, and who, like the Turks, were of Tartar or Finnic origin. The Bulgares, after giving their name to the country and the language, became absorbed in the more numerous Slavic race; but not without blending with it certain Tartar characteristics of feature and disposition, which are still to be recognised in greater or less degree in the existing Slavo-Bulgarians. In the beginning of the ninth century—to give a brief *resumé* of their history—we find that this interblended people, under kings of their own, had risen into a formidable power, and were in a state of chronic feud with the Greek empire. In 861 the country south of the Balkan was ceded to them, and received the name of Zagora. In the same year the Bulgarian king, Borgoris, and his people embraced Christianity, and at the end of the tenth century, under King Samuel, Ochrida, on the Albanian border, became the seat of their power and patriarchate. From the rise of the monarchy, indeed, until its destruction in the eleventh century, the wars of the Bulgarians with the empire form, says Finlay, “an important and bloody portion of the Byzantine annals.” They were overthrown by the Emperor Basil II, who was named “the Slayer of the Bulgarians.”

From the twelfth century onwards the Bulgarians may be regarded as a subdued people. At the Turkish conquest, unlike their brethren the Slavo-Serbs, they do not appear as a nation. The Osmanlis exterminated what remained of the Bulgarian nobility, and the present *rayahs* are the descendants of the serfs who were attached to the soil of a large part of what is now modern Turkey. Impassively they seem to have resigned themselves to this abject condition, and meekly to have passed under the yoke of their Moslem masters. They are, indeed, a people who have lost their history, and are without the inspiring effect of national traditions. As in Bosnia and Albania, numbers of them, and for like reasons, became Mohammedans.

The conquering race are, as we have said, represented in Bulgaria by only half a million of Osmanlis, and their number is steadily decreasing. Owing to this decrease it has been the policy of the governing power to introduce Tartars and Circassians of the Mohammedan faith into the province. Thirty-five thousand Tartars of mixed blood occupy the territory of the Dobrudcha, a grassy steppe with low hills on the Black Sea to the north of Varna. The whole of the population, indeed, along the coast is of a mixed character. The genuine Bulgarian looks down on the Gagaus, as he calls the mongrel race, with no small contempt. In addition to these Mongolian residents, there have also arrived in Bulgaria

Crimean Tartars, who were permitted to leave the Russian empire after the last war. These new-comers endured much suffering on their arrival, but they soon showed that they were industrious, sober, and honest. They now live in perfect accord with Turks, Roumanians, and Bulgarians. Among this mixture of nationalities is the large body of Circassians who recently emigrated into Bulgaria by invitation of the Porte. These are settled on the frontier mountains between Servia and Bulgaria, where, though addicted



BULGARIAN LADY.

to robbery, they contrive to support themselves by tillage as well as by pillage.

All throughout the lands of the Turk, as in Bulgaria, Gipsies and Jews abound; the former, there as elsewhere, are a wandering race, the latter frequent the towns intent on money making. As a refuge from compulsory military service, numbers of Russians have crossed the Danube, and the contiguity of Albania, Servia, and Roumania to Bulgaria accounts for an Albanian, Servian, and Roumanian population. The Greeks are attracted by commerce, and of the Armenians we may remark that they are a portion of that interesting people driven from their own Asiatic land by tyranny and oppression, and now to be found in colonies in most countries of the globe. Active, industrious, and hospitable, devoted to trade and manufactures, the Armenians have prospered wherever they have settled. In Bulgaria they are mostly either government employes or merchants in the towns. They are a handsome race, and the women especially are noted for the delicacy and regularity of their features.

So far we have spoken of Bulgaria proper, and of the varied inhabitants of the territory so called; but the country peopled by the Bulgarians is a much larger region. Very early in their history they overleaped the Balkans, overflowed the limits of the province to which they gave their name, extended themselves in Thrace, even to the Rhodope, and also filled up large portions of Macedonia. The province of Roumelia, which embraces ancient Thrace and Macedonia, is to a very large extent purely Bulgarian. Here the immigrants seem to have followed the course of the fertile Maritza valley. The Bulgarians are, in fact, dispersed over the entire region, from the Danube to the Ægean, and from the Black Sea to Albania and modern Greece. Reckoned at from five to six millions, they are by far the most numerous and important race in European Turkey.

Looking not only to Bulgaria proper, but to the entire country inhabited by Bulgarians, or in which they preponderate—greater Bulgaria as it may be termed—we find it severed into two portions by the Balkan chain. It may, however, be divided into five sections, each with varying natural characteristics. First, there is the vast marshy plain of the Dobrudcha, with its mixed population—a sort of Bulgarian Cossacks—of which we have spoken as extending along the Black Sea coast. Secondly,

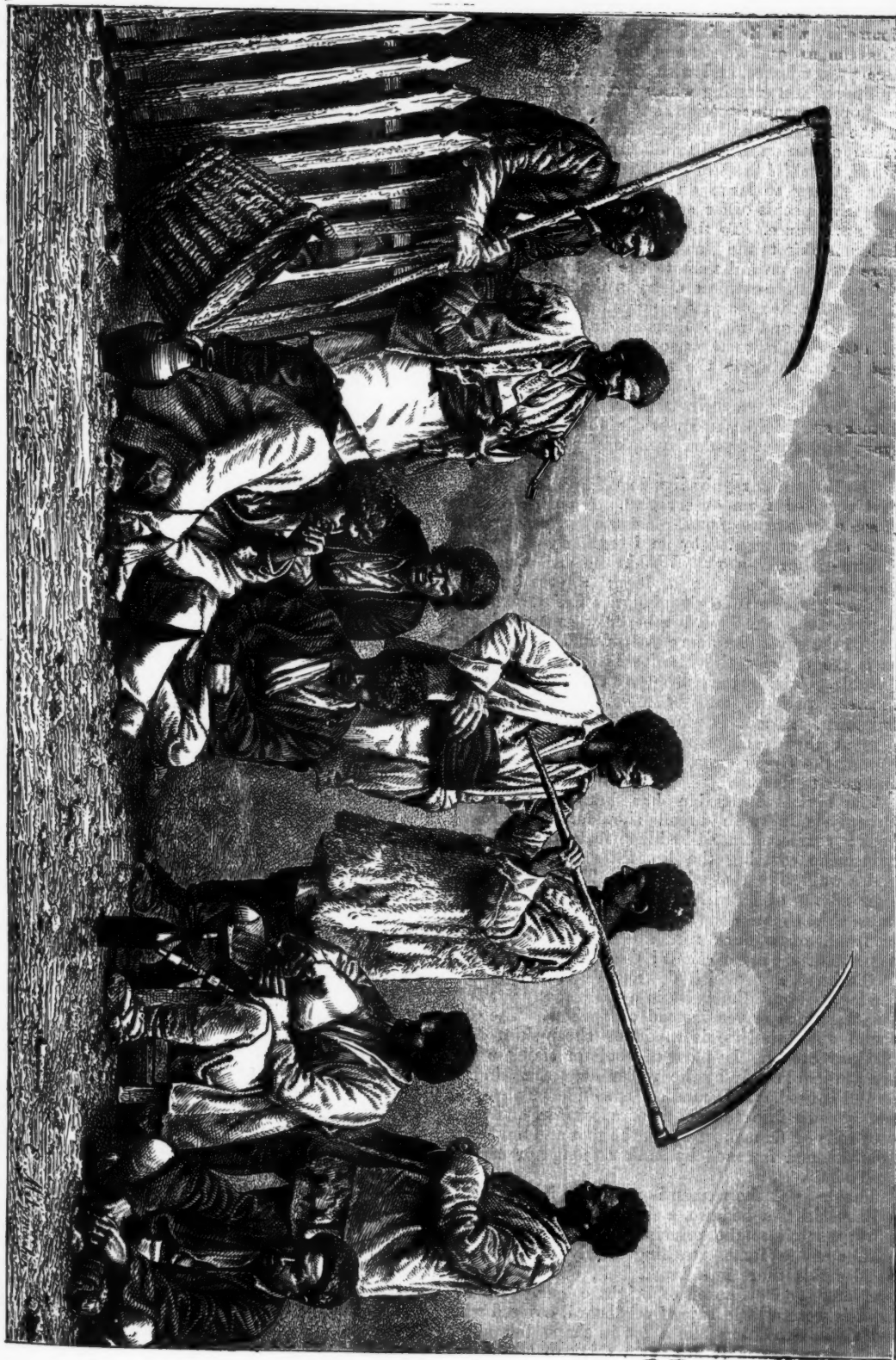


BULGARIAN PEASANT.

Danubian Bulgaria, with the important towns of Widdin, Rustchuk, Silistria, and Nikopoli. Thirdly, Central or Upper Bulgaria, the mountainous region of which Sophia is the capital. Fourthly, Trans-balkan Bulgaria, the region of the Zagora in

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BULGARIAN PEASANTS AT REST.



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Roumelia, with its mixed population of Bulgarian Mussulmans and Christians, the former of which here preponderate, and with its important town of Philipopoli, on entering which the traveller is struck by its picturesque situation as it rises from the banks of the Maritza; and lastly, Macedonian Bulgaria, which abuts on the Bay of Contessa and Mount Athos, the chief town of which is Seres.

Inhabiting so large an extent of territory, the Bulgarian people differ somewhat in dialect, habits, and appearance. To the north of the Balkans the dialect is akin to the Russian, and the Tartar habits more largely prevail than to the south of the great chain. In the southern districts the Tartar type of face has, for the most part, disappeared; the language is smoother and more harmonious, and is mixed with Greek idioms; the people are more hospitable, and less cringing to the master-caste, and, indeed, more purely Slavonic. Again, the Bulgarian mountaineers differ from their brethren of the plains; the former are high-spirited, while the latter have a grave and down-trodden look, and give no kindly salutation.

The Bulgarian rayahs live in villages for the most part removed from observation. A village consists of some three score of mud-plastered houses, or rather huts, each surrounded by an irregularly-shaped enclosure of hurdle-work. Within the enclosure may be seen pigs, cattle, and dogs; a structure for holding grain; a rude plough, and other agricultural implements. The houses are partly excavated, and few of the eaves rise above the ground. Uninviting as is the exterior, the interior is orderly and comfortable. The principal apartment is used as a kitchen, parlour, and bedroom. Bedsteads are unknown. A mat is placed on the floor, and the peasant thrusts his cap over his eyes, makes the sign of the Greek cross, covers himself with a rug, and goes to sleep.

The typical Bulgarian has been described as strongly-built, with broad shoulders and round back; coarse, blunted-looking features, a heavy moustache covering the lip, little twinkling eyes, and a walk like that of a bear. The dress of the men admits of but little variety. It consists of a linen shirt (home spun), a short loose jacket, open in front, of a dark rough cloth; waistcoat and trousers of the same colour; the latter garment full to the knee, from which downwards it fits close to the leg. Round the waist is a sash, many yards in length, which serves instead of pockets. The cap, round and brimless, is made of sheep-skin, dyed black or brown. In place of boots or shoes, which are attainable only by the richer classes, a kind of sandal is used. It is made of cow-hide or pig-skin, rudely sewn into the shape of a slipper, and worn over rolls of flannel, in which the foot and ankle are swathed, and fastened by leather thongs or cord of goat's-hair.

The dress of the women is peculiar; it consists of a linen shirt, a bodice, a cloth jacket, and a long skirt; sometimes the principal garment is a long coat, open in front, reaching nearly to the feet; besides this there is a broad belt, elaborately embroidered, and an apron of bright colour. On the head is worn a little cap of cardboard, covered with red cloth, something like a fez in shape, but much smaller, and upon it are sewn coins of silver and gold, or other gilded ornaments. It is on feast days that the display of rich and embroidered dress is

especially made. On ordinary days the female apparel is much more simple. A girl engaged to be married generally wears a girdle of silver, or more often white metal, with a great clasp ornamented with glass rubies or emeralds, which is presented to her by her betrothed among other gifts.

The Bulgarian is neither so tall nor so fair as the Serb, nor is he so dark and short in stature as the Rouman or Wallach. From community of origin he has many characteristics in common with the Serb, but he differs essentially alike from the Rouman and the Greek. "The Greek cannot overcome the Bulgarian," says Lord Strangford, "nor lead him, nor incorporate him. He is of a less numerous, and not of a superior race; his mind is more keen but less solid; roughly speaking, he is to the Bulgarian as the clever Calcutta baboo to the raw material of the English non-commissioned officer." Where Bulgarians and Greeks reside side by side, the former compare very favourably with the latter in all the solid and valuable elements of character. The Bulgarian may be, and is, undoubtedly, ignorant, stubborn, and slow-tongued; but he is industrious, moral, and honest. And if he lack the national aspirations and warlike tendencies of the Serb, he has this quality, that "no amount of oppression can render him indifferent to his field, his horse, his flower-garden, and to the scrupulous neatness of his dwelling." Like the Irish reapers in England, it is the habit of the poorer Bulgarian peasants to wander from their homes during the harvest and hay seasons in search of employment. The traveller may at once discover that he is in the midst of a Bulgarian population from the industry with which he finds the peasantry at work in the fields. He may, perchance, as in our illustration, see a group at rest after a meal of bread, sour-kraut, and wine, smoking tobacco, or having their ears regaled by the strains of the bagpipe.

In some districts the Bulgarian rayahs rent the land from the boys, the landed proprietors of Turkey; and in others direct from the Crown. With all their plodding industry the system of agriculture pursued is of a backward and primitive character. No manure is used, and the land is but slightly ploughed. Yet, owing to a most fertile soil and favourable climate, good crops are produced. The plains of Bulgaria are generally cultivated, and to the south of the Balkans the hill-slopes are covered with vineyards. There, however, except in the fertile Maritza valley, cultivation is usually confined to the immediate circuit of the villages. The main staples produced are wheat and Indian corn. Flax, hemp, and tobacco are also grown; fruit is abundant, and large quantities of wine are made. Grain is raised in largest quantities in the neighbourhood of Silistria and the plains of the Danube. Sheep-farming is also to a great extent carried on, together with the rearing of cattle and horses. The manufactures are mostly confined to coarse cloths. Here we may refer to an important industry—mainly we believe in the hands of Armenians—the manufacture of attar, or rose oil. The rose-plant is cultivated for this purpose in the northern parts of Roumelia at the foot of the Balkans. It requires a sandy soil on sloping land exposed to the rays of the sun. The prepared perfume is exported chiefly from Philipopolis to England, France, and other countries. Since 1872—from the opening of railway communication from Constantinople to that city—the attar

trade has been much stimulated, as also the general trade of the district. Railways, indeed, with good roads and good government, are the great desiderata in the lands of the Bulgarian. Easy access to markets for the disposal of his produce would largely enhance its value and better reward his industry, and lead also to improved appliances of cultivation as well as to his advancement in social condition.

Travellers and residents in Bulgaria have given varying accounts, some favourable and others unfavourable, of the Bulgarian people. We select the following from the pages of Mr. Paton, whose long official connection with the East and acquaintance with Turkey enable him to speak with full knowledge. "Whatever they may have been when they first burst upon the Byzantine empire, the Bulgarians are now a most unwarlike race, and as submissive to the Turks as sheep to a colley dog. Their habits are pastoral and agricultural, having neither the soldier spirit and gigantic stature of the Serb, nor the mercantile enterprise and intelligence of the Greek, for all their trade is a petty local dealing. The Bulgarian is in the country a shepherd or a ploughman, in the town a small mechanic or manufacturer, rarely or never a capitalist with wide connections. Rigorously devoted to the mere external observances of the Greek Church and the literal dicta of the priest, he is wretchedly inferior to the Moslem in the most ordinary conceptions of a vital religion. To the poor Bulgarian the Divine Scriptures and the Christianity of Christ are unknown. The sentiment of nationality is generally with him as low as that of religion; but he is not devoid of those unobtrusive household virtues which enrich the State and keep at a distance the vice and the pauperism which are the cancers of the most crowded communities of Europe. The industry and the frugality of the Bulgarian are the chief levers of the fiscal revenues of Turkey in Europe. His modesty, his good-nature, and the kindness of his disposition, establish a strong claim on the sympathy of Christian nations. The Briton may be proud that in this spirit our most eminent statesmen have always acted with reference to questions affecting the rayah population, and no nobler epitaph could be inscribed on the tombs of our Clarendons and Stratfords than that of declared and conscientious friends of the Christians of Turkey."

There can be no question that the Bulgarian Christians have been for ages cruelly maltreated and oppressed by the governing Moslems. It is a well-authenticated fact that hundreds of them are annually killed by Mussulmans without inquiry being made. The injustice and extortion which have so long reigned in Turkey have driven many of the Bulgarians into the ranks of Hajduks, or mountain brigands. They are in fact connected with the peasants by ties of common descent and friendly intercourse, and find shelter in their houses during the severity of winter. These bands, in some respects answering to our ideas of the Robin Hoods or Rob Roys of our own land, constitute themselves the guardians of the rayahs, and live by taking revenge on their oppressors. The father of a family will tell you coolly, "The Pasha plundered me, and I sent my son to the Hajduks." Brigandage has existed in the Balkans for centuries. Robbers by profession in time of peace, the Hajduks become patriots in time of commotion or war. The sudden outbreak of the insurrection in the mountainous region between the Balkan and the Rhodope

ridge in May last was the work of the Hajduks and their abettors. On the unhappy peasants being compelled to join in the movement, terrible reprisals were made by murderous bands of Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians.

It is more than doubtful whether the great mass of the Bulgarian rayahs left to themselves cherish any



BULGARIAN GENTLEMAN.

desire of rebellion against the Turkish power. Any idea of asserting their independence we may be sure does not possess them. They have little common feeling or sympathy with the Serbs; although, of course, no one can tell what would be the effect of a successful Servian war. South of the Danube and the Balkans, the Bulgarians are discontented with the system of government and administration, as it comes home to their own personal interests and the concerns of their daily life. Their hopes of redress were excited only to be disappointed by the Russian invasion of 1829, as well as by the local risings to which they were instigated in 1841 and 1850. Of late years something like an inspiring national

sentiment directed their persevering efforts in opposition to the supremacy of the Greek patriarchate of Constantinople. Their hatred of the Greek bishops, ignorant of their language and greedy of gain, imposed upon them by Fanariote influence, was extreme. After a long conflict the Sultan at length issued a decree permitting the election of an exarch, independent of the patriarch, for the Bulgarian Church. Anthimos, Bishop of Widdin, was elected; but the Ecumenical Council of Constantinople, in the month of September, 1872, declared the Church of Bulgaria to be schismatical.

The Osmanlis have governed the Bulgarians for

four centuries by a system of rule which has tended to crush and debase, not to elevate and instruct. It is only of late years that some efforts have been made, not by their rulers but by themselves, to educate their children. Grossly ignorant and superstitious as are this interesting race, they have, as we have shown, sound qualities of heart, as they have also high natural intelligence. We can have no better wish for them in their present condition than that the turn of events may lead to their intellectual as well as political advancement, and to their relief from the oppression to which they have been so long subject.

THE TWO ATLANTICS.

BY ISABELLA L. BIRD, AUTHOR OF "THE HAWAIIAN ARCHITELAGO."

II.

NATURE rose out of her imbecility to grace our last days in the northern hemisphere. In the Doldrums everything had come to a dead-lock. The grey weather which had accompanied us from the Irish coast had darkened into positive murkiness, and the tropic seas had heaped their leaden swell against a sky murky enough for an Edinburgh winter. The south-east trades changed all that, and for the first time our noble clipper had an opportunity of showing her sailing capacities. How she bounded along under the tropic sun and moon, the foam rolling from her bows and flattening into broad sheets on either side, her three-quarters of an acre of canvas always full, herself lying well over, with the spray mirthfully splashing over her weather bulwarks, skimming the water rather than cutting it; a joyous, winged creation, the child of wind and ocean, a very thoroughbred among ships!

While slipping through the silver ripples at the rate of eight knots an hour, on our last evening in the northern hemisphere, the look-out reported, "A merman on the lee bow," and presently a hoarse voice hailed "Ship ahoy! Whose ship is this? Where from? Where to, etc.?" and a great commotion on the main-deck announced that we were boarded by the sovereign of the equatorial seas. A fine sea god old Neptune looked as he strode up the poop, tripod in hand, with two gleaming flying-fish impaled upon it, wearing uncouth scaly garments, and a wealth of wavy yellow locks, which covered his person down to his waist, and with a train of attendant tritons, each one nearly as grotesque as the king. But why, in the name of all that is incongruous, does the great sea monarch add to his triton train a sergeant of police, a regular, drilled, frock-coated, felt-hatted, leather-belted, nineteenth century "bobby," complete even to the bull's-eye lantern? Ours was a very non-regal Neptune, cut down to our refined modern notions. He called the captain "sir," shook hands with each of us, apologised for Amphitrite, who, he said, was boarding a ship to windward of us, and instead of blusteringly asserting his sovereignty, only suggested tamely that we were intruding on his domain, and should be liable to pains and penalties on the morrow. His Majesty shortly afterwards made an apparent disappearance over the lee bow amidst loud hurrahs, the light of his departure illuminating all our canvas, as his fiery car drifted by to blaze in our wake for a mile astern.

At five the next morning we crossed the equator with a steady breeze, and at noon the crew were allowed a holiday; and from the brown and grizzled chief-mate, who had crossed the line a hundred times, down to the youngest apprentice, whose utmost efforts had failed to produce even the downiest of beards for the occasion, they thoroughly enjoyed it. Ominous signs were soon apparent in the neighbourhood of the foremast; a barber's pole, a tin basin, a board with the announcement "Neptune's shaving and shampooing done here," and a large new sail, hung up by the four corners, which, after an hour's work at the pump, was converted into a great bath four feet deep.

A champagne dinner honoured our rapid passage to the line, and the sports began immediately afterwards by Neptune and his procession marching down the main-deck and round the poop. By Neptune's side walked his consort, Amphitrite, dressed in a long, frilled, light-coloured muslin dress, a tartan shawl, and a black felt hat, ornamented with the tail of some animal. The lady took mincing steps, and managed her long train to perfection, but had a diffident, clinging look unsuited to the sharer of the sovereignty of the seas with the majestic son of Saturn. She wore a huge chignon of frizzed tow, tied with blue ribbon, and a "mane" reaching to her waist. Behind them came a motley group of guisers, four black sergeants of police in complete costume, with Hessian boots, batons, and whistles, Neptune's imps, black also, an inimitable doctor, the clerk, barber, and barber's assistant.

After this procession Neptune, having assumed a glittering crown, seated himself on a throne, with his consort beside him and his mimic court around him. The chief *dramatis personæ* were the clerk, in solemn black, with beaver hat and heavy white hat-band; the doctor, in black dress coat, white waist-coat, white stove-pipe hat, white choker, and green goggles; and their respective assistants. Meantime the unfortunates destined to obtain the rights of ocean citizenship were imprisoned in the intermediate cabin, closely guarded by "bobbies." On the clerk calling out the names of the victims, one at a time, the black-faced sergeants of police dragged each blindfolded before Neptune's throne. The doctor then sounded his chest roughly with a rough stethoscope, and prescribed a pill made of mustard and pitch, which was pushed into his mouth. He was

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next victimised by snuff compounded largely of cayenne pepper being forced into his nostrils, and when half choked was made to smell a villainous-looking smelling-bottle. The doctor then turned him over to the barber and his assistants, who seated him on a high block, with his back to the bath. This was the funniest part of the whole, from the supreme gravity with which the shaving operation was performed and the ludicrous struggles of the victims. With lather made of molasses and curry-powder, a great paint-brush for a shaving-brush, and a jagged wooden splinter for a razor, the lather stuffed into the mouth whenever it was opened to breathe or cry for mercy, the shaving was really a barbarous process, and it was a relief when Neptune's four imps, who were splashing in the water, caught the plastered wretch from behind and threw him head over heels into the bath. Once there the treatment varied. The weaker men were only soused once or twice, but others were knocked down over and over again, and their heads held under the water, so that all we could see was a pair of spasmodically agitated feet; and when at last they were allowed to stagger out, blinded and choking, the bo'sun played on them with his hose. The utmost good-humour prevailed, and some of the acting was capital, specially that of the doctor, who bent forward elegantly, with an interested, polite smirk, kept his left hand in the tail pocket of his coat, dangled a copious white pocket-handkerchief in his right, spoke in bland, re-assuring tones, and completely acted the popular professional humbug, the "dear man" of drawing-rooms and chronic invalids.

After the shaving, the "medley," the great saturnalia of the day, should have begun, by turning the hose, without respect of persons, on every one bold enough to be on deck. The captain had prudently retreated from the main-rigging into his cabin, and most of the ladies into the saloon; and I, wishing to see the fun out, was just drawing up the hood of my mackintosh so as to be prepared for the worst, when the contents of a bucket were discharged upon the unprotected back of my neck by some rogue perched upon the cross-jack yard-arm. Neptune and Amphitrite left the throne, their imps seized upon the hose, and the fun was about to become general, when the crew came into collision with the priggishness of one passenger and the violent temper of another, and as any interference with passengers is illegal the captain was obliged to interfere and order the men forward. The holiday and its sports were thus brought to an unlucky termination; there was no more fun for the rest of the voyage, and no further good feeling between the crew and passengers.

We crossed the equator in long. $25^{\circ} 9' \text{ w.}$, and ran on the same tack as far as long. $31^{\circ} 0' \text{ w.}$ before in lat. $26^{\circ} 30' \text{ s.}$ the ship was put about on a south-east course. From a glance at the map it will be seen that our former course carried us in an exactly opposite direction from Melbourne, our destination, and any antique navigator, accustomed when bound for the east to beat his way down mid-Atlantic, would have supposed that we were making for the Brazils.

"The shifting
Currents of the restless main,"

some of them "shifting" no longer, but as constant as the Trades, have been subjected to such careful observation during a series of years (observations

systematised in connection with sailing directions in the "South Atlantic Directory") that navigators are now able, as much by means of *constant currents* as of *constant winds*, to shorten the Australian passage by two months. The wide space of calms, or "Doldrums," lying between the N.E. and S.E. "Trades," is properly a triangle rather than a zone, with its base resting on Africa, and its apex stretching towards Brazil. It is obvious that a ship crossing this triangle of calms at its narrowest part must escape most of the detentions incident to the latitude; and it has been well known for many years that the south equatorial current, a monstrous tropical drift, popularly supposed to occupy about the same area as the S.E. Trades, was capable of assisting vessels in a westerly direction. A terrible bugbear it was, however, and because a few dull sailors, falling to leeward of Cape St. Roque, found difficulties in beating up against it, it was long shunned as a danger. It was indeed said to be in consequence of a disregard of its tendencies that the King George and other transports, which fell to leeward of San Roque during the last century, were lost; and even so lately as 1848 Keith Johnston, in his magnificent "Physical Atlas," warns vessels against crossing the equator anything to the west of 23° w. , lest the westerly drift should hamper them on the northern coast of Brazil. More recent and extensive observations, however, have proved that it is perfectly safe to get all the advantage that may be gained by crossing the line even *west of* 30° w. , as the current, which has so obligingly aided ships to cross the "Doldrums" at their narrowest part, slackens, or even dies away, so that the old bugbear of San Roque may be cleared without the slightest difficulty.

Starting in the Gulf of Guinea, this drift proceeds westwards on both sides of the equator till near San Roque, where it divides, and its northern branch, after skirting Guiana, flows through the Caribbean Sea, and emerges from the Gulf of Mexico as the Gulf Stream of the North Atlantic. In mid-ocean its rate and persistence may be safely calculated upon, its extreme velocity being twenty-four miles a day. When it takes a southerly curve its speed decreases gradually to a minimum of six miles a day. We took very great advantage of it, and the White Ben, while absolutely becalmed, was drifted on her westerly course on several occasions from twenty to twenty-two miles a day.

North of this there is the important Guinea, or equatorial counter-current, setting to the eastward, very useful in counteracting the effect of the great westerly drift and in preventing ships which cross the equator in the "fashionable" meridians before alluded to from being hampered in the neighbourhood of Cape San Roque. Its mean temperature is from 78° to 83° , and its mean annual velocity between fourteen and twenty-six miles a day, strongest in the summer months.

The only other current of much interest is the southern "connecting current," a drift running to the E. or E.N.E. from Tristan d'Acunha, with a supposed average of ten miles a day, and strong enough to run (between 30° and 40° s.) for 2,000 miles beyond the Cape of Good Hope.

The Agulhas Current is too far to the northward to interfere with ships making the great southerly sweep, which ours made, but it deserves mention as it is a *permanent* current generated by the great drifts of the Indian Ocean, and setting into the Atlantic

round the entire southern extremity of Africa. It varies in its velocity in different periods and situations from one to five miles an hour, and occasionally carries ships west even against north-westerly gales. Besides these there are the South African current, a cold stream, setting along West Africa till it loses itself in the south equatorial current, near the equator; the Brazilian "stream currents," which are of no account on Australian voyages; and the antarctic currents, by which the surface waters in that zone, between 55° and 65° s., set towards the south pole. The last, besides being little known, do not affect the highways of commerce.

The wind system of the South Atlantic is as carefully mapped out as the current system, and Maury's wind and current charts are to Atlantic voyagers what Murray's handbook is to Switzerland. The popular notion of five wind belts, or zones, in this great ocean may be accepted as an approximation to the truth. 1. The south-east "Trades," blowing from south-east to north-west in the open ocean, between lat. 30° to 25° s., and lat. 2° s. to 5° n., according to the season. 2. The variable winds, or "monsoons," on the Brazil Coast. 3. Variable winds, or "monsoons," on the African Coast. 4. Variable winds and calms near the tropic of Capricorn. 5. The anti-Trade, or "Passage Winds," equalling the "Trades" themselves in importance to navigation. These, "the brave west winds," separated from the south-east "Trades" by the "Calms of Capricorn," girdle the earth from that region as far south as navigation is practicable. They vary between north-west and south-west with a supposed mean direction of about west, and this is found in the line of its greatest force about 45° s., but shifts to some extent with the seasons. It is this noble and reliable wind which leads modern navigators so far to the southward on Australian voyages, enabling them to "run down their easting" with certainty and rapidity, and forms such an obstacle to the attempts of vessels to round Cape Horn for Pacific ports during the southern winter. These certainties are in striking contrast to the caprices of the North Atlantic north of the "Horse Latitudes," where, so far as winds go, every voyage is, to a certain extent, experimental, though the monitions of the barometer may be relied upon, and an accurate and continual attention to its readings is enjoined on all navigators.

After spending many months on the North Atlantic and the Mediterranean, where, taking the temperature of the water, noting the readings of the barometer, and paying attention to other indications of weather, were going on both by night and day, the navigation of the South Atlantic appeared almost slovenly. One wearied of the daily barometric wave, meaning nothing, and of the steady low barometer of the "Doldrums." Indeed, as an indication of weather it seems practically disregarded in high southern latitudes, for the mean of all observations on its height between 55° and 60° s. is 29.24 inches only, or six-tenths lower than in the same latitude north; so low that its fine weather monition in the south would be taken as the harbinger of a gale in the north.

The compass plays strange antics, but even these, somehow or other, obey known laws, and if a passenger studies Maury's wind and current charts, and the "South Atlantic Directory," and is able daily to find the ship's position on the chart, he comes to feel himself as much at home on the South Atlantic as a

stranger does in England, aided by Bradshaw's Railway Guide, and "the reign of law" has a very special interest there as elsewhere.

By methods which approximate roughly to the truth the extent of sea surface is estimated at 155 million square miles, or nearly three-fourths of the surface of the earth. A glance at a map of the globe shows what a large part of this briny whole is occupied by the vast, deep, landless South Atlantic, with the equator for its northern, and the antarctic circle for its southern boundary, and the meridians of Cape Horn and Agulhas, prolonged to the antarctic circle, denoting its eastern and western limits. The true meteorological division between it and the North Atlantic, and the separation between the wind and current systems, lie however between 5° and 10° north of the equator.

In coming from the North Atlantic, with its short and almost overcrowded highways, island health resorts, tropical archipelagoes, erratic wind systems (so far as its extra tropical regions are concerned), and innumerable harbours, one's first feeling on crossing the line is that of having emerged upon the desert. The scarcely broken coasts contain no deep and mountain-guarded harbours. There are no archipelagoes, and few islands, and the few bear names little known, and to our ears somewhat outlandish, and are usually so repulsive and inhospitable in appearance that one's great desire is to give them as wide a berth as possible. The immense area of waters is of little importance as compared with that of other seas, and one extensive portion is frequented only by whalers. While the North Atlantic, measured round its principal sinuosities, has a total shore of 54,000 miles, that of the South Atlantic is only 9,300, or about a sixth. On its vast highways few dangers exist, and the various meteorological difficulties which are met with in the North Atlantic give place to a very reliable wind and current system, easily understood and applied to navigation. There are few dangerous rocks, except the coral reef of Las Rocas, on which the Duncan Dunbar was lost, and this is easily avoided.

In the earlier part of our voyage, and for a fortnight in the neighbourhood of the equator, we exchanged ocean courtesies with from two to fourteen ships daily, and had the satisfaction of overhauling every vessel bound in the same direction as ourselves. Now and then we came close enough to ships to speak with their captains without a speaking-trumpet, to compare chronometers, and give and receive news; but from the day we crossed the parallel of 12° s. we never saw a sail till we made Cape Otway in Australia.

We were, however, fortunate enough to get a very near view of the Brazilian Island of Trinidad, which, from its height of 2,000 feet, is visible fifty miles off. After several weeks of shifting brine, diversified only by a hazy glimpse of Madeira, even the Martin Vaz rocks were welcome as being solid; and when the blue of distant Trinidad changed into grey, and the grey into green flecked with the warm hues of the living earth, "most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar, weary the wandering fields of barren foam." The crevices among the rocks were shady with shrubs, goats were skipping upon grassy cliffs, and streams swollen by recent rains dashed impetuously into the sea. We had a near view of a passage forty feet broad, fifty high, and 420 long, tunnelled by the sea through a bluff

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800 feet high; and as the sea was moderate we saw through the well-engineered archway the only bay on the island, and a picturesque rock shaggy with trees. Besides this, the "Monument," a cylindrical detached rock 850 feet high, with large trees growing on its summit; and the "Sugar Loaf," a conical rock 1,160 feet high, also capped with trees, rejoiced my eyes. While we hung about the island nearly becalmed, torrents of rain fell, and a cascade, whose height is estimated at 700 feet, tumbled in white fierceness over the rocks into the greedy sea, while on the land tropical ferns and mosses, and all the graceful greenery born of heat and damp, were lavishly expanding their moistened and redundant frondage where no eye rejoiced in it. The Portuguese once had a settlement on Trinidad, and on their departure bequeathed it a legacy of hogs, goats, and cats; but though it is fertile, and upwards of six miles in circumference, it is now uninhabited, and being surrounded by rough coral rocks, with a nearly continuous surf breaking over them, landing is precarious, and the abundant supply of water is rarely resorted to by ships, except in the emergency of extreme scarcity.

In the midwinter of the southern hemisphere, just within the great belt of the passage winds, "while running down our easting" under double-reefed topsails, rigging and sails stiff with ice, huge seas piled up in green, snow-crested mountains, squalls frequent, and the mercury hanging about 27°, at daybreak of a most tempestuous day a huge cone of snow, with surf dashing over its base, rose close to us out of the mountainous seas, a ghastly thing, the type of solitude and desolation, the island of Tristan d'Acunha, of which an interesting account was given in the "Leisure Hour" (No. 1141). This island, even at a distance, must be a most striking object, but as we ran the channel between it and Inaccessible Island, which presented only a bluff of most forbidding aspect, 1,840 feet high, we got a good view of it, at least as good as could be got while holding on with frozen hands to frozen rigging, blinded with freezing spin-drift, between the shocks of pitiless seas, which were for ever piling themselves between the ship and the solitary snow peak.

So seen, Tristan d'Acunha presented an abrupt elevation, terminating in a height of 1,000 feet in a table-land, on which is placed a volcanic cone 8,300 feet in height, at the top of which is a crater 2,000 feet in circumference, now a lake with a shore of cinders. We did not see the solitary and perilous landing-place, near which are grouped the houses of the few simple and virtuous people to whom it owes its romantic interest, and except for a grey streak or patch here and there, the whole island, from the surges which swept its base to the red morning cloud which kissed its crest, was pure white with snow. It was altogether a scene of howling horror, whose desolation could hardly be surpassed.

Leaving this region, in order to make the best of the passage winds, we ran for a long time on and about the parallel of 45° s., and went as far south as 46° 20' before we steered to the northwards for Melbourne. In that waste of waters beyond 40° s., where the polar-bound winds rage with inconceivable force, "running them down" means a storm lasting for weeks, snow, hail, and frost; an ocean looking (to quote Maury's words) "like the green hills of a rolling prairie capped with snow, and chasing each other for sport. Their march is stately,

and their roll majestic; the scenery among them is grand, and the Australian-bound trader finds herself followed for weeks by these magnificent rolling swells, driven and lashed by the brave west winds furiously." So "driven and lashed" was the gallant White Ben, tearing eastwards at an average speed of 290 miles a day; sometimes scudding under nearly bare poles, thrice having new topsails split, twice owing to a shift of wind lying to for three days in a sea of appalling magnitude, then wafted by gentler gales into more genial regions, till, on our seventy-sixth day out, at the very hour indicated the previous morning by the captain, we sighted Cape Otway in Australia Felix. Welcome, "Greater Britain!" I exclaim, with De Beauvoir, "oh, miracle of navigation!"

NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

WOOD-PIGEON OR STOCK-DOVE.

I HAVE generally found it asserted in my readings, that the common wood-pigeon or stock-dove cannot be tamed; such, however, is not the case. Some years ago I became possessed of quite a young bird of this kind, which I determined to rear. I fed it in the usual manner adopted with this description of bird, until it learned to peck for itself. When strong on the wing it evidently desired its liberty, and one fine Sunday morning on opening the door it suddenly flew out, and was quickly lost to sight. Of course I gave up every hope of seeing it again, but in the afternoon on going out I was very much surprised to find that it had returned, and was perched on a neighbouring barn. I quickly changed my coat for the one I generally wore, and with seed in my hand I called it down to me with the notes I had been accustomed to use when I fed it. It was pleased to return, and was put in the house as before. Now, instead of keeping it confined, I gave it its liberty every day, and although its wings were not cut yet it never failed to return, and would, when within hearing, come at the call. This was all the more strange as it was in a small country village, and therefore in the midst of many of its own species. It grew to be quite a large and a very handsome bird, indeed equal to any seen in their wild state.

Ripon.

E.

ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

Some fifteen years ago my uncle had a dog, a cross between a sheep-dog and a Newfoundland, named "Turk," a most sagacious animal, who seemed to understand much that was spoken to him, besides the routine phrases of command usually uttered to dogs. One day whilst my uncle was talking to a miller at Horley Mill, the hat of the latter blew off into the mill-head and sank to the bottom in about nine or ten feet of water. So, calling Turk, my uncle pointed to the water, saying, "Hie, in there, good dog, fetch the hat." No sooner said than done, in plunged the dog, and after two or three dives brought the hat safely to land.

The limited range of canine intelligence beyond matters connected with instinct, is shown in the following incident.

One hot day in summer a friend took the dog out for a walk to the river, where, thinking he would like a bathe, he undressed and plunged into the

water. No sooner, however, did he begin to splash about than the dog, evidently thinking he was drowning, plunged in to the rescue, and despite of his efforts brought him to the shore. This Turk repeated every time he dived from the bank, until at last he was compelled to give up bathing any more that day. No amount of explanation could make the dog understand that the bathing was voluntary.

One day when riding to market, my uncle took Turk with him. After he had ridden about two miles on his way, he suddenly remembered that he had left his riding-whip hanging up in the stable. So he ordered the dog to go back and fetch it. At first Turk refused to go (evidently thinking it was only a ruse to get rid of him), on which my uncle, guessing the cause of the dog's hesitation, turned his horse's head towards home, saying, "No; I will wait for you, old fellow," when away galloped the dog. Rushing into the stable he jumped up, knocked the whip off the hook, and brought it to his master in his mouth.

Afterwards, when walking with a friend through the fields, my uncle purposely (to try the dog) dropped his stick unperceived by him. After he had gone about a mile farther on, he said to Turk, "Stick lost, find it." Away went the dog, but when he arrived at the place where the stick had been dropped it had gone. It happened in the meantime that the postman, who passed by shortly afterwards, saw the stick and picked it up, taking it away with him. When the dog got to the place where the stick had been dropped he scented the man who had picked it up, and followed him. Overtaking the postman, he rushed at him, growling fiercely and showing his teeth. The man, naturally alarmed at his behaviour, held out the stick to defend himself. This was just what the dog wanted, for, jumping up, he snatched the stick out of his hand and galloped off after his master.

My grandfather had a couple of young pointer pups, about three or four months old (just able to walk), named "Shot" and "Pouch." One day my father saw them pointing at a butterfly settled on a daisy in the garden. He said it was a very pretty sight, and a wonderful instance of acquired habits becoming hereditary instincts. There was "Shot" with his tail straight out, his paw raised, his nose stretched out pointing at the butterfly, and his whole frame quivering with excitement, whilst the same behind was "Pouch" backing him up, in the same attitude.

W. C. C.

ATTACHMENT OF A PIGEON.

A gentleman had a flock of pigeons which he always fed himself. On his calling them they would fly to him, and one always fed out of his hand. This confiding one would fly to meet him some distance, and come home perched on his shoulder.

R. W.

AGES OF BIRDS.

J. H., Wood Lawn, Oxford, writes:—"I see that 'Canary Goldie' (L. H. March) died at the age of fifteen years, and its owner wondered if it was an unusual age. I have a green and gold canary, hatched in the spring of 1860. He has been a splendid singer, is now alive and well, and is a great pet; he will flutter his wings and chatter away to the persons who feed him, but this year his song has wholly ceased. I will let you know when my bird dies, but I trust the time is yet distant."

Varieties.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT GLASGOW.—The forty-fifth annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science commences its sittings at Glasgow on the 6th September. Sir Robert Christison, M.D., Bart., was to have been president, but declined the honour on account of his advanced years. Long life to him! *Ultimus Romanorum*, last of the Edinburgh Professors appointed in pre-Victorian times! The chair will be filled by Professor Andrews, M.D., F.R.S., of Belfast. This is the third time the Association has visited Glasgow, the first time in 1840, when the Marquis of Breadalbane presided, and the second in 1855, under the presidency of the Duke of Argyll. Apart from the routine business, and the papers to be read and discussed in the various sections, this meeting is expected to be a large and successful one, the great commercial and manufacturing capital of Scotland possessing many points of special attractiveness, while the excursions—no unimportant feature in the annual meetings of the parliament of science—will reach to places of historical interest as well as of grand and picturesque scenery.

IRISH CHARACTER.—The following communication explains itself:—"You will excuse me, I hope, for troubling you with some remarks on the article on 'Bulls, Irish and Otherwise,' in the 'Leisure Hour' for July. I am a working man, and not much of a scholar, but read a good deal, and observe what is around me. I have worked with Irishmen, and been a great deal in their company, and from what I have noticed of them I think that they are the most quick and the wittiest people in the world. They are, I might say, a very peculiar race of people, especially in any kind of an argument with an Englishman. I have often thought that had they more education they would beat my own countrymen in an argument. As it is, enter into an argument with an Irishman, let him be ever so ignorant of the subject, and he will grapple with you, and try to baffle you. If you think that you have beaten him, he will gradually shift his quarters, and attack you on another point. I should think that they are most fitted for soldiers and lawyers. You can compare them to nothing so much as a fire. You try to extinguish a fire, and it breaks out somewhere else. It (a fire) gives you a great amount of work to do to get the upper hand of it, and it is the same with Irishmen. They are very good to work with if you only let their religion and country alone. If you are liked among them, you can chaff with them as much as you like; if otherwise, you must be careful. I could, if it was not for fear of troubling you too much, give you many instances of the ways of argument adopted by them. I think that the favourite way of entering into an argument is to *advance backwards, or sideways*, to the subject in dispute. In spite of all their cleverness they are, as the writer on 'Bulls' remarks, too quick in their ideas. I have heard a great many blunders from Irishmen, but it is no good noticing anything, as they will only tell you that an Irishman is always allowed to speak twice, and an Englishman till he is understood. I think that the writer on 'Bulls' must be an Irishman, speaking, or rather writing, in favour of my friends, the Irish."

ALPHABET OF COMMERCIAL VIRTUES.—At the last meeting of the Church of England Young Men's Christian Association, the Rev. Canon Titcombe, in his speech, drew from "an imaginary box on the table" an alphabetical list of virtues and good qualities, which, he said, ought to be characteristic of all Christian young men. His collection of "parcels" was as follows, and he briefly but pithily expatiated on each:—Affability, bravery, caution, decision, enthusiasm, fidelity, gratitude, humility, industry, joyousness, kindness, liberality, manliness, naturalness, obedience, prayerfulness, quietness, reserve, self-consecration, truthfulness, unsuspiciousness, virtue, and watchfulness. The Lord Mayor, who presided, then gave a short address, at the outset of which he wittily supplied the last three letters of the alphabet omitted by Canon Titcomb, and applied them to that gentleman, as standing for his "extraordinary wise-head" (X. Y. Z.). He commented on some of the points in the Canon's address, and referring specially to the second "parcel," he said it often required the exercise of the highest bravery or pluck on the part of a young man to resist the temptation to obtain money in a dishonest way. He spoke very earnestly about the disastrous effects of taking the first step in a downward course, and expressed his interest in, and best wishes for, the success of the Society.

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